





FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 14, 1887.

**TAKING THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.**—A most magnificent and interesting work is now being issued at Paris, a complete map of the heavens, so far as our knowledge goes, prepared under the auspices of the Imperial Observatory. It is to consist of sixty-five plates, each one of which indicates the position of 25,500 stars of the third magnitude, or 1,650,125 in all. The eighteenth plate, now finished, was recently presented to the Academy of Sciences by M. Leverrier, where it excited immense admiration.

**CALIFORNIA RISKS.**—A California correspondent of the Fall River Star says, in reference to that State: "This is a great country! A man can live here about as fast as the law allows, and some take the liberty of living considerably faster; for which they are liable to the accident of being hung if they do business in a small way, and the risk of a nomination for Governor or Senator, &c., if they go it on the large. I am rather cautious and shall endeavor to avoid the last chance."

**BRANDY FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.**—A correspondent of the New York Post sends to that paper a sample of very good brandy made from the syrup of the above named plant, and says that it costs about thirty cents per gallon to produce and is worth in the market from \$1 to \$2 per gallon, according to quality. He suggests that the growth of this crop will enable the farmers to manufacture the spirit in the winter season, when they have no other occupation. They can make a gallon of proof spirit for each gallon of fermented syrup, and it will find a ready sale at the rectifiers, who will turn it into alcohol for camphene and other uses. The writer adds:

The quantity of alcohol now used for purposes of illumination alone, to say nothing of varnishes, chloroform, and medicinal extracts, is enormous, and was beginning to have a serious effect on the price of bread, owing to the wholesale destruction of cereals required to produce it. Now, however, we have found a substitute, which, besides supplying syrup and alcohol, will also yield from the same crop a large amount of forage and grain for the fattening of stock.

**THE LOST CABLE.**—A late English paper has the following: "Aug. 21—496 and 450 fathoms of an electric telegraph cable, belonging to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, were picked up on the 8th and 12th of August, in Queenstown harbor."

It was noticed that, in laying the cable, the continuity of the electric current was, by some means at present unknown, temporarily destroyed. Lieutenant Brooke, U. S. N., well known as the inventor of an instrument for deep-sea soundings, offers the following explanation of the phenomenon:

The conducting wires broke; the gutta percha, stretching with the outer wires, drew the broken ends apart, and continuity was then interrupted. But when that portion of the cable approached the bottom it became slack. "The cable will be deposited in waves upon the bottom." Then the gutta percha, relieved of the strain, by virtue of its elasticity contracting, drew the broken, separated ends of the conducting wires together, and continuity was reestablished. This reestablishment of continuity is a striking proof of the fact that the conducting wires were broken, while the gutta percha remained unharmed. Had it not been reestablished the interruption would have been generally attributed to abrasion of the gutta percha, and the error of construction would have remained unexposed.

**THE GREATEST STEAM INVENTION YET.**—The Boston Herald, under the above heading, has the following:

Wm. St. Martin, of this city, has invented an engine which can be constructed, boiler and all, for about \$50. The machine is so simple that it might with propriety say it is merely an escape pipe, taking up no more room. The steam is admitted into the centre of a drum or cylinder, in which the shaft works; from this power is applied directly without further friction. The other day we saw the perfect model of the engine punter, and the inventor, Mr. St. Martin, was getting in a cheap manner one or two horse power to drive small machinery. Mr. St. Martin has made application for letters patent, and when he gets them we think he has a fair prospect ahead to realize something from the result of his genius.

**PARTIAL FISH FOUNDS.**—A *New Month*.—Among the educated people of Great Britain, within the last four or five years, an almost universal taste has been awakened for the study of marine plants and animals, a department of knowledge before comparatively unexplored. So fashionable has the study become that one can hardly enter a parlor in the refined and cultivated society of London without seeing an aquarium, or, in other words, a glass case or tank of salt water, containing a collection of living and growing curiosities of the sea, representatives of organic and inorganic nature. This pursuit is of quite a recent date. It is not long since the inquiries of the less scientific students in this department of natural history were satisfied by the dried collections and classification of sea-weeds in their herbariums, or by museums of shells and corals. They seemed disposed to rest satisfied with the discovery that the corals were not vegetables, and as for shells, they manifested but little interest, preferring to classify the stony domiciles rather than to investigate the habits of the creatures within them. The labors, however, of a few enthusiastic popular writers like Gosse, Prof. Harvey, Rev. G. S. Williams, Charles Kingsley, and Neal Humphreys have inspired a new interest in this subject.

N. E. Lee, Poet.

**THE LITERARY MEN OF FRANCE.**—Call the roll of the "young men of 1830," and ask where they are? The Balzac is dead—coffee killed him. Frederick Soule is dead, the victim of coffee and licentiousness. Eugene Briffaut died a madman in the Charente Lunatic Asylum. Granville went mad, and leached his last in a private insane house. Louis de Charente died from opium eating and licentiousness. Rabbe, after suffering agony from a leucisome disease, took poison to end his prolonged torture. Alfred D. Musset died a victim to the bottle and the cigar. Count Alfred D'Orsay was killed by the cigar and licentiousness. Charles de Bernard died from coffee and licentiousness. Henri Beyle died from coffee and women. Hippolyte Boyer Colard died from tobacco and coffee. Gerard de Nerval, after oscillating between plenty and want, astuteness and licentiousness, went mad and hung himself. All died of softening of the brain or spinal marrow, or swelling of the heart! All bowed down in the prime of life—in the meridian of their intellect and fame.—*Correspondence Boston Traveller.*

**New Clocks at the City Hall.**—The eleven clocks which are hereafter to furnish correct time in the City Hall, regulated, through electric apparatus, by a clock in the Mayor's office, were yesterday set upon their niches in the rooms of the various departments. The frame of each clock is about two feet in diameter. The dials are white, with black lettering, and the inscription, "Hall's Patent, Sept. 26, 1864, manufactured by Charles T. and J. N. Chester, New York." There is no machinery behind the face, the movement of the hands being effected by that of the clock in the Mayor's office. These clocks will enter upon the duties of their stations this morning. Those who desire correct time will do well to consult them. Similar clocks will soon be placed in the other public buildings in the Park.

"What family have you?" asked the judge of the county court, at Stockton, the other day of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. "Myself, wife, and a bull pup," was the reply.

SOPHIE LYNN.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungrateful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man, with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt-collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before her widow, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan that lay upon her lap.

"It always seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, unctuous laugh, "after one has walked and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody, till one is puzzled to know which of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased for she had more than one), that I wasn't heartily sick of after he had proposed. I called on Captain Morris—I don't think the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me, and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives!—and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature,' and hiccupped in the middle of adorable. Horrors! I've detested him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a hasty truly comical.

"It wouldn't do to seem interested," she said as she took a furtive survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was buck on her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open her window, that the cool fresh wind might fan away the extra nervousness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and, after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to her guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, drew them back again, and, with a formal bow of recognition, she passed him, and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased or not to be disappointed. Then she had foreseen what was coming; that a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half-hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune (which latter, by the way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Captain Morris's and Dr. Wilkins's had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as the sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningfully, holding her fan before her for a screen—did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could spare the way old Uncle Jones used to in church!" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun?—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a gripe that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely, "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn toward him as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her railery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world besides. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and chafing back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just, to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I love you, because under this volatile, surface-character of yours I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity; purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less than the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry resumed speaking. "Why is it that you sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice?"

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrie, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added insult to injury by your sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared had you known his proud, sensitive nature.

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-by," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have him beside her one short moment longer.

"What am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, as important as ever," she muttered to herself as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh, that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the

beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and to act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any human would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate—"the poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain. Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringlet head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie, Sophie amongst the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the true solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up for ever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after last, when Harry—"I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes. Running swiftly along the garden paths as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on the low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"Oh, Kate, Kate," she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I?" Sophie asked, "quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it is natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure sister Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as well as I do you and father and mother."

She stopped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still she kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and so I answered him just as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest place that ever was with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate—you are so much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't!" And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I will tell you."

Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped from the arms of—not sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgotten either of them, though she has seen Mrs. Henry Ainslee nearly two years.

**MRS. CUNNINGHAM ADMITTED TO BAIL.**—*See previous Court.*—Before Judge Peabody. In re, Emma Augusta Burdell alias Cunningham, on writ of *habeas corpus*. The Judge read his opinion, which is of considerable length, and recited the proceedings on the writ of *certiorari* before Judge Daly, the returns thereto by the warden of the city prison, and the charge against the prisoner of fraudulently producing an infant with the intent of defrauding the heirs of the late Harvey Burdell, who were lawfully entitled thereto. With respect to the decision of Judge Daly, adverse to the prisoner, he said: "All the facts do not appear on the returns, and such as were recited do not appear to warrant me in deciding that the case is *res adjudicata*."

I find also as part of the return, that the motion made in the Court of Sessions, to admit the prisoner to bail, was denied. All these papers form part of the return to the writ of *habeas corpus* now before me. The more appropriate office of the writ of *certiorari* is to ascertain whether the committing magistrate had proper jurisdiction.

On the part of the prisoner it is denied that either of the Judges referred to passed upon the question of bail, and I do not see any proof that they did. The question then comes up, is this a proper case for bail? It is the right of society to have an accused person held for trial, and if found guilty for punishment. Society should have all reasonable security for his or her appearance, and that is all society can require.

It is the right of the prisoner that society should be taken for his personal appearance at the trial. That is the law of the land, and all that society can require. When security can be had for such appearance nothing more can be required.

The Judge took a review of the chances of the prisoner's conviction, of the moral grade of the offense, of the probability of the effect of a sentence to the State prison on the mind of a woman, a doom upon which she must be supposed to look with horror.

The Judge then went over the facts and considered whether the fraud was so complete as to make the prisoner liable to the sentence of imprisonment at hard labor.

He considered that, if the fraudulent production was assumed, there was not evidence that it was with such intent as was necessary for the perfection of the crime.

We must then take into consideration her pecuniary means, her sex—which diminishes her power of escape, the certainty that, if convicted, she would be severely punished—the strict and severe ordeal to which she has been subjected by public opinion and the press—her children requiring her care and protection, and with all these considerations it would be not a little remarkable if no amount of bail should be sufficient to bring her to the bar of the court for trial.

The order is to admit her to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

**A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.**—R. H. Horne, the author of Orion, was a man of very strong prejudices. Among others, he checked one against the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the author of Satan, etc. In a work he edited, he had most ruthlessly attacked the popular preacher, who was, however, somewhat of a charlatan. Although they had never seen each other, they cherished a reciprocal detestation.

A mutual friend, resolving to bring them together, got up a dinner party, to which the poet preacher and his savage assailant were invited. Upon entering the house with Montgomery, he was told by his servant in a low tone that Mr. Horne was in his little writing-room. He, therefore, very coolly took the reverend rhymester into the room where Horne was alone, and introduced them to each other under the assumed names of Jones and Brown. Begging permission to be excused while he dressed for dinner, he left the two belligerents alone. When the door closed, Mr. Horne said: "Sir, my name is not Jones, perhaps yours is not Brown."

"Certainly not," replied the divine, smiling. "I am the Rev. Robert Montgomery."

"And I, sir, am 'Horne.'"

They looked at each other, broke into a fit of laughter, shook hands; and when their host came down, he found the Kilkenny cat, instead of having devoured each other up to their tails, laughing at the tales they had been entertaining each other with.

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We again refer the attention of our readers to the store of G. B. Tally, corner of Fourth and Market streets, where can always be found a very attractive stock of dry goods; and we would here say his stock for the ensuing season is larger and has been selected with more care and taste than that of any former season. The articles we most wish to particularize this morning are those he is now daily receiving. Among the handsome variety he has received may be found the following: De Laine and Satin De Chine Robe de Chambre, in piece and ready-made, a style of dress that may be said all who see will want; Chenille Shawls of the richest colors and cheap; Silk Scarfs tipped with velvet, side-trimmed Robes, Valencia Lace Collars, Honiton Sets, Valencia Lace Sets, Imperial Shawls, Stella Shawls, Satin-faced Merinoes (which we are offering at very low prices), rich Bayadere and striped Silks, fringe-floated Robes, Valencia, Victoria, Pampina, and Czarina Plaids, plain and Bayadere Promenades, embroidered and trimmed black Velvet Cloaks, fall styles, every conceivable brand of Flannels of all widths from 3-4 to 10-4 wide, &c. His stock of Evening Dresses is unusually large, embracing everything new and desirable. We take pleasure in recommending this house to those from a distance who are unacquainted with our principal establishments as being one with an enviable reputation.  
+11 j&b&w

**Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine.**  
It which is incorporated Leslie's Gazette of Fashion, just received for September and for sale at  
+11 j&b&w A. GUNTER'S Bookstore, 29 Third st.

**A. L. foreign publications, periodicals, books, &c., will be ordered for persons by leaving word with**  
+11 j&b&w GUNTER'S BOOK STORE.

**Blank Books and Fancy Stationery.**  
Just received, a large lot of Blank Books and Fancy Stationery at  
+11 j&b&w GUNTER'S BOOK STORE, 29 Third st.

**London Art Journal.**

I AM prepared to receive subscriptions to the above publication. Inquire at  
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**School Books at A. Davidson's.**  
ARITHMETIC—Davies, Colburn, Ray, Jng, Stoddard, Trars, Smith, and others.  
GRAMMAR—Butler, Smith, Kirkham, Ballou, and others.  
GEOGRAPHY—Mitchell, Smith, Colton and Fitch, Cornell, and others.  
READERS—Goodrich, Webb, McGuffey, Sanders, Sarphosopht, Comstock, Parker, Jones, Gray, and others.  
HISTORY—Goodrich, Pennock, Frost, Davenport, and others.  
GREEK AND LATIN—Bullion, Andrews, Anthon, McClutck, and others.  
School books of every description, Copy Books, Stationery, Blank Books, &c.  
+11 j&b&w A. DAVIDSON, Third st., near Market.

**BOYS' and Children's.** Caps of a great variety of new styles, now selling cheap at  
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**LADIES' RIDING HATS.**—Some of the most elegant riding Hats ever worn are now to be had of  
+11 j&b&w HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.'S.

**MISSSES' and Children's** Black, Brown, and White Beavers, beautifully trimmed, are selling rapidly at  
+11 j&b&w HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.'S.

**ANOTHER APPRENTICE WANTED AT**  
+11 j&b&w HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.'S.

**THE new style DRESS HAT** of Hayes, Craig, & Co. is decidedly most stylish and at the same time the most comfortable Hat to be found







